

## The second part of the Marchants Daughter of Bristow.

To the tune of the Maidens Ioy.



**W**elcome sweet Handlin from the sea, When I heard her louters mone, (was, for ere I wil my faith denie,  
where bitter stormes & cruel tempests her eyes w<sup>th</sup> tears, her hart with sorow filled And sweare my self to follow damnde anti-  
The pleasant banks of Italy, (did arise: To speak with him no means was known He yeld my bodie for to die, (christ,  
We may behold with ioyfull eyes. Such grievous on him did passe. To live in heauen with the highest.

Thanks gentle maister then quoth she, Then cast she off her Ladies attire, (set I sir the gentle friar said, (wished life  
A faithful friend in al my sorowes thou hast A maidens weede vpon her back she semye for your swete loue, recant and saue your  
If fortune once doth smile on me, (bare To the iudges house she did enquire, A wofull match quoth he is made,  
My thankfull heart shall well be seene. And there she did a seruice get. Where Christ is lost to winne a wife.

Blest be the land that feedes my Loue, She did her dutie there so wel, When he had wrought al means she might  
Blest be that place whereas he doth abide, And eke so prudently her self she did behaue to saue her friend & that she saw it wold not  
So trauell will I sticke to proue: With her in loue her maister fell, Then of the iudge she claime her right (he  
Whereby my god will may be tride. His seruants saueur he doth craue. To die the death as well as he.

Now will I walke with ioyfull heart, Handlin quoth he my hearts delight, for loke what faith he doth professe,  
to view the town wheras my darling both To whom my hart in firme affections tide, in that same faith be sure that I wil liue & dy  
And sek him out in euery part, (remaiue Byde not my death through thy dylight, Then case vs both in our distres,  
Untill I do his sight attaine. A faithful friend I will be tride. Let vs not lue in miserie.

And I quoth he will not forsake, Crant me thy lone faire maide quoth he, When no perswasion wold preuaile,  
Swete I in al her toynes by and downe and at my hands desire what thou canst do: for change her mind in any thing that she  
In wealth and woe thy part Ie take, And I wil grant it vnto the, (use, she was with him cōdemnd to die (had said  
And bying the safe to Padua towne. Whereby thy credite may arise. And for them both one fire made.

And after many weary steps, I sir she said how blest am I, And arme in arme most ioyfully,  
In Padua they safe arrived at the last, With such a kind and gentle maister for to these louters twain vnto the fire then did go  
for verie ioy her heart it leapes, I will not your request denie, (mate, The mariners most faithfully,  
She thinks not on her perills past. So you will grant what I do seke, Were likewise partners of their wor.

But now alas behold the lucke, (find, I haue a brother sir she said, But when the iudges vnderstod, (maine  
her own true lone in woful prison doth she for his religion is now condemnde to die the faithful friendship in them al that did re-  
Which did her heart in pices plucke, In loathsome prison he is laide, They saude their lues, and afterward,  
And graude her gentle mind. Opprest with care and miserie. To England sent them home againe.

Condemnd he was to die alas, (turne: Crant me my brothers life she said, How was then sorowes turnde to ioy,  
Except he would his faith and his religion And to you my loue and liking. wil giue and faithful louters had new their harts be-  
But rather then he would go to masse, That may not be quoth he faire waide, their paines so wel they did imploy, (fire  
In fiery flames he vowed to burne. Except he turne he may not lue. God granted what they did require.

Now doth faire Handlin wepe and waile An English friar there is she said, And when they were in England come,  
her ioy is changd to weeping sorow graue & Of learning great, and of a passing pure life And to mery Bristow arrived at the last,  
but nothing can her plaints preuaile, (care Let him be to my brother sent, Great ioy there was of al and some,  
for death alone must be his share. And he will finish some the strife, that heard the dangers they had past.

She walkes vnder the prison walles, Her maister granted th<sup>s</sup> request, Her father he was dead God wot,  
where her true lone doth ly and languish in The mariner in friars weed the doth aray And eke her mother was ioyful of her sight  
Most wofully for soode he callis, (distresse And to her lone that lay distrest, their wishes she denied not,  
When hunger did his heart oppresse. She doth a letter straight way conuay. But wedded them with hearts delight.

He sighes and sobs and makes great mone When he had read her gentle lines, (joy Her gentle maister she desire,  
farwel said he sweet England now so: euer His heauy hart was ranished with inward to be her father, & at church to giue her then  
and al my friends y haue me known (more Where now she was ful wel he finds it was fulfid as she requirde,  
In Bristow towne with wealth and stoze. The friar likewise was not coy. Unto the ioy of all god men.

But most of al farewel quoth he, But did declare to him at large, (hand  
My owne true lone swete I. whom I left the enterpise his loue for him had taken in  
for neuer more I shal the se, (behind The yongman did the friar charge,  
Woe to thy father most unkind. His loue should straight depart the land. Printed at London for William Blackwa<sup>ll</sup>.

Now wel were I if thou wast here (shed eyes Here is no place for her he said, But woful death and danger of her harmles  
w<sup>th</sup> thy fair handsto close by both these wret- but woful death and danger of her harmles  
My sorowes ease would appere, Professing truth I was betraid, (life,  
My soule with ioy should scale the skies. And feareful flames must end our strife.

FINIS

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